

Miami Sound Machine

"The Usual Suspects"

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Featuring DMX Fatal Cormega Ja

Intro: Mic Geronimo (DMX)

Yeah.. (grrrrr)
Introducing the Suspects
DMX (grrrrr) Ja Rule
Cormega Fatal Hussein (grrrrr)
Mic Geronimo (my niggaz)

[DMX]

What's all the noise about?
Have some respect shut the fuck up
Driveby money talkin shit yo back the truck up
Y'all niggaz don't respect me but you fear me
and fear is better than respect, y'all niggaz hear me?
If I smack the shit outta this nigga
His man over here be like, "Yo -- what? Nigga what?"
But his man is like, "Psych yo"
Take it from one extreme to the next
And my shit always bounce like D-M, to the X
I can bring it from up here, to ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
Down to, "Aight I think it's safe to take off the cuffs"
I play wit words, blurs and slurs, flip styles
Take his and hers, niggaz is couraged, I get wild
So don't make me angry, you WOULDN'T LIKE ME when
I'm angry
I've got a lot of enemies, and they'd all like to bang me
(WHAT?) Catch me when I'm sleepin, with one eye
closed
One guy chose the dogs; left one got froze, filled with
holes

[Ja Rule]

Ugh, it's gonna be a long time befo' dey touch this here
It's Gotti's, Consigliere, let's take it there and make a
milli, yeah
Which Bentley's? Ice drippin off the jewels, daily
Ja the one, what? Y'all don't hear me, nigga
Y'all remember, C-M-C, '95 December
Fine women, illegal tender, such is life

When I feel like I ain't to be held, who could hold me?
Hoes try to console me, rec' exec's wanna own me
Damned if I die slow-ly, drugged out broke and lonely
Like so many who pushed roadie before me
Ja, hit em precisely, God just don't make too many like
me

Inadvertantly shittin on the Top 20

Y'all niggaz kill me, talkin like y'all can't be touched
See by the time y'all realized, I be done touched you up
Blazed you up, your whole style, chump nigga, what?
Think again if you thought I gave a fuck!

Chorus: Mic Geronimo

Yo..

Yo independently, reppin thoroughly throughout the N-
Y

We thump and get high, infrared nigga, dead eye
Aimin at the sky's limit, jumpin in, we all in it
The good life, tryin ta live it *repeat*

[Cormega]

Yo whaddup to all my thug-lawn, niggaz in plush cars
Rikers Island killers with rug scars, police fuck y'all
(Yeah)

Live niggaz, I love y'all for representin
Ya have respect of prison, came home, caught a
Expedition

Look in my eye, you see realness

The Mobb tonic quest for million, my Lex with I'll rims

My name ringin, chain swingin, ain't richest?

Are you my heir? Like do we present the same vision?

My insight is deep, mental intuition

Type essential, due to this trife life we livin

My cypher, e-lite snipers in the mountains

The Bridge under pressure for mad years and countin

What? My connect eatin papaya, supplyin me

Cormega represent a live nigga dynasty

9's and Tek's, my hollow heads outlined your vest

My only fear is 25 years of death

[Fatal Hussein]

One deep from Jersey, on the Island doin six

Now ain't that a bitch, they sayin, "Hussein never shit"

I shot more niggaz than thorough niggaz in your crew

You and your mother know don't go against, be on you

Mad career criminal, crimin be like a hobby

Probably drinkin my notty or I'll just shootin my shotty

Nigga you get extorted, flippin styles, poppin chicks

Bullets small as his G-B-30, niggaz lose it quick

I had to get out of town, I done shot another dick

Niggaz'll roll tricks to keep they mind off shit
I tack up parole, they supervise my whole side
Money wise, surprised, thug niggaz on the rise
These card cats is federal, you soft and shreddable
Picturin every rappers comin at me all edible
I lift past your crew, you know what I'm about
Guinness-style, Outlawz, just hit up another out

[Mic Geronimo]

Hmmm, yeah, yeah, now
Runnin wit five niggaz, criminal disguised niggaz
The live niggaz, pull a Mac what? Surprise niggaz
Holdin my mics stiletto like; invitin these water-head
brothers
to get splashed back and take it light
Slidin back when I was 16, Romelo my brother
told me laid back, aced up, to play it mellow
Seein how I'm a young Othello
Don't confuse me wit them brothers who lost playin
black DeNiro
The boss of this, gettin tossed to Crist'
The barber shit, we ballin flawlessly
For-ever y'all brothers tried but never to touch me
The God, heated up beyond the frequency
Now it's time to put you niggaz under pressure, we
form
Here I am, if it's on then it's on
If the world was yours, could you keep it from a nigga
like me?
Hold your head, we about to see, motherfucker

Outro: Mic Geronimo

Yeah, Usual Suspects, never suspect niggaz.. yeah
What y'all thought I was gone?
Never that, it's been deaded
Y'all see

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